

2
L E T T E R

TO THE

Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY:

Relative to his pretended ABRIDGMENT of

ZANCHIUS on PREDESTINATION.

By AUGUSTUS TOPLADY, A. B.

Vicar of *Broad Hembury, Devon*; and Chaplain to the
Right Honorable Lord HOLLAND.

The SECOND EDITION, considerably Enlarged.

Sic fatus senior, Telumque imbelle sine Ictu
Conjecit: rauco quod protinus ære repulsum;
Et summo Clypei nequicquam Umbone pependit.

ÆNEID II.

Credulitate, Puer; Audaciâ, Juvenis; Deliriis, Senex.

Mr. DE BOZE's Epitaph on HARDOVIN, the French Jesuit.

L O N D O N :

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LETTER

NOTES

Rev. Mr. JOHN WESTLEY:

Relative to his personal appointment of

MANCHESTER on Wednesday

Dr. AUGUSTUS KOLLE, A.B.

Right Honorable Lord Holland.
Viscount of Brinsford, Baron of the Cinque Ports.

The second Division consistently managed.

[illegible]

1944

11:55 AM

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

PRESENT EDITION.

N*NINE Months are now elapsed, since the first Publication of this Letter: in all which Time, Mr. W. has neither apologiz'd for the Misdemeanor which occasioned his bearing from me in this public Manner; nor attempted to answer the Charges entered against him. Judging, probably, that the former would be too condescending, in One, who has erected himself into the Leader of a Sect; and that the latter would prove rather too difficult a Task, and involve him in a subsequent Train of fresh Detentions; he has, prudently, omitted Both.*

Some of his Followers, however, have not been so tamely unactive, on this Occasion, as their Pastor. Anxious, at once, to palliate his Offence, and to screen his Timidity; several Penny and Two-Penny Defences have successively appeared: wherein the anonymous Scribblers wretchedly endeavored to gather

B

up,

up, and put together, the Fragments of a shattered Reputation. The very Printers, the Midwives who banded these "Insects of a Day" into public Existence, were ashamed to subjoin their Names at the Bottom of the Title-Pages.

Two Lay-Preachers, in particular, have feebly taken up the Cudgels for their Master. Of One, I shall say very little, as he writes with some Degree of Decency.—Of the Other, I shall not say much: for, both his Talents and his Morals sink him far below the Dignity of Chastisement. This illiterate "Haberdasher of small Wares" entitles his Penny Effusion, as well as I remember, 'A Letter of Thanks to the Reverend Mr. TOPLADY, in the Names of all the hardened Sinners in LONDON and WESTMINSTER.' The poor Creature, it is plain from his Title-Page, aims at Humor: And yet, unhappily for such a Design, he is, in Reality, but too literally qualified to act as Secretary in Chief to the Sinners of London and Westminster. For, he has given very numerous and ample Proofs of his own Sinnership, and that there can hardly exist, in those two Cities, a more atrocious Sinner than himself. I will not pollute this Paper, with a Recital of his Crimes. They, who know the Man, are no Strangers to his Communication. Though a Doctrinal Pharisee, his Life has, long ago, evinced him a Practical Sadducee. Surely, Arminianism is like to flourish mainly, under the Auspices of such able and virtuous Advocates!

And

And so much for Mr. Wesley's redoubtable Subalterns.

“ What Image of their Fury can we form ?

“ Dullness, and Rage. A PUDDLE in a STORM.”

If my Advice carries any Weight with them, they will carefully peruse their Spelling-Books, before they make another Sally from the Press. As to themselves, and their refined Productions, I mean to take no farther Notice of Either. I am quite of Mr. Gay's Opinion;

“ To shoot at Crows is Powder thrown away.”

I had almost forgot the Monthly Reviewers. One Word concerning Them, and I have done. The Two Reverend Gentlemen, who are hired to dissect and characterize whatever comes within the Divinity-Department, à Calendis ad Calendas; would fain have it, in their superficial Strictures on the first Edition of this Letter, that I am ANGRY with Mr. Wesley. If, by Anger, the ingenious Animadverters mean, a just and becoming Disapprobation of Mr. Wesley's lying Abridgment, and of the surreptitious manner in which he smuggled it into the World; I acknowledge myself, in this Respect, angry. I hope, the Reverend Reviewers will not, in their Turn, be angry too, at seeing themselves tack'd to the List of Mr. Wesley's Allies: since, in their Mode of representing my Dispute (or, to adopt their own military Term, my Battle) with that Gentleman;

they seem to rank themselves in the Number of his Seconds. The Reason is obvious. Mr. W. is a red-hot Arminian: and the sagacious Doctors can discern, with Half an Eye, that Arminianism lies within a Bow-Shot of Socinianism and Deism. Yet, notwithstanding the Alliance is, thus, not altogether unnatural; why should these Two Divines, who are, certainly, possessed of Abilities, which might do Honor to Human Nature; by a narrow, sordid Attachment to Party, render those Abilities less respectable?

BROAD HEMBURY;
January 9, 1771.

A LETTER

A
L E T T E R
TO THE

Rev^d. Mr. *John Wesley*.

SIR,

POSSIBLY, the following Letter may fall into the Hands of some, who are unacquainted with the Merits of the Occasion on which I write. For the Information of such, I must premise, That, in *November*, 1769, I publish'd a *Two Shilling* Pamphlet, entitled, "The Doctrine of Absolute Predestination stated and asserted: with a preliminary Discourse on the Divine Attributes. Translated, in great Measure, from the Latin of *Jerom Zanchius*."

Though

Though you are neither mentioned, nor alluded to, throughout the whole Book; yet it could hardly be imagined, that a Treatise, apparently tending to lay the Axe to the Root of those pernicious Doctrines, which, for more than thirty Years past, you have endeavored to palm on your Credulous Followers, with all the Sophistry of a Jesuit, and the dictatorial Authority of a Pope; should long pass without some Censure from the Hand of a restless Arminian, who has so eagerly endeavored to distinguish himself, as the Bell-Wether of his deluded Thousands.

Accordingly, in the Month of *March*, 1770, out sneaks a printed Paper (consisting of *one Sheet*, folded into *twelve Pages*; Price, *One Penny*) entitled, “The Doctrine of Absolute Predestination stated and asserted, by the Reverend Mr. A—— “T——.” Wherein, you pretend to give an Abridgment of the Pamphlet above referred to. But,

I. Why did you not make your Abridgment *truly public*? For an apparent Reason: That, if possible, it might elude my Knowledge, and so escape the Rod. Born of a *stolen Embrace*, it was needful for the spurious, pusillanimous Performance to *steal* its Way into the World. It privately crept abroad, from *the Foundery*, the Seat of its Nativity; it was sold, indeed, but sold under the Rose; it was carefully circulated in the Dark; and the Friends of Mr. *Wesley* were designed to be the sole Sphere of its

its Acquaintance. Thus, *Every one, that doth Evil, hateth the Light, neither cometh to the Light, lest his Deeds should be reprov'd.* In such Conduct, I can discern much of the *Jesuit*, but nothing of the *Saint*.— I had, to this Hour, remained unapprized of the secret Stab, but for the Information received from Some of superior Integrity to yourself.— I will put *Christianity* quite out of the Question, and suppose it to have no Kind of Influence. But should you not, at least, act as a Man of common *Honor*? Come forth openly, Sir, in future, like an honest, generous *Assailant*; and, from this Moment forward, disdain to act the ignoble Part of a lurking, sly *Assassin*.

II. Why did you not abridge me *faithfully* and *fairly*? Why must you lard your ridiculous Compendium with *Additions* and *Interpolations* of your own? especially, as you took the Liberty of prefixing *my* Name to it? Your Reasons are obvious. My Publication had spread among some of your People: and, the longer it continued to diffuse itself, the more you trembled for your *Diana*. Hence, *Demetrius* like, you found it needful, by the Help of a pious Fraud, to prejudice your *Ephefians* against the Doctrines of *St. Paul*. The Book was likely to give the Arminian Babel a Shake: therefore, no Way so effectual to secure it, as by endeavoring to spike the Cannon which was planted against it. That you might *seem* to gratify the Curiosity of your Partisans, and keep them really *hood-winked* at the same Time; you
draw

draw up a flimsy, partial Compendium of ZANCHIUS: a Compendium, which exhibits a few, detached Propositions, placed in the most disadvantageous Point of View, and without including any Part of the Evidence on which they stand.

But this alone was not sufficient to compass the desired End. Unsatisfied with carefully and totally suppressing every Proof, alledged by ZANCHIUS, in Support of his Argument; a *false Coloring* must, likewise, be superinduced, by inserting a Sentence or two, now and then, of your own foisting in. After which, you close the motley Piece, with an entire Paragraph, forged, every Word of it, by yourself: and conclude all, as you began, with subjoining the Initials of my Name: to make the Ignorant believe, that the Whole, with your Omissions, Additions, and Alterations, actually came from *me*.—An Instance of Audacity and Falsehood, hardly to be paralleled!

I am very far from desiring the Reader to take my Word, in Proof of the Charge alledged against you. As an Instance of your want of Honor, Veracity, and Justice, I refer to the following Paragraph, 1. as published by *me*; and, 2. as quoted by *you*.

“ When

1.

“ When all the Trans-
 “ actions of Providence and
 “ Grace are wound up, in the
 “ last Day; He (CHRIST)
 “ will then properly sit as
 “ Judge, and openly *publish*,
 “ and solemnly *ratify*, if I
 “ may so say, His everlasting
 “ Decrees, by receiving the
 “ Elect, Body and Soul, into
 “ Glory: and by passing Sen-
 “ tence on the Non-elect
 “ (NOT FOR HAVING DONE
 “ WHAT THEY COULD NOT
 “ HELP, but) for their *wilful*
 “ *Ignorance* of Divine Things,
 “ and their *obstinate Unbelief*;
 “ for their *Omissions of moral*
 “ *Duty*, and for their *repeated*
 “ *Iniquities and Transgres-*
 “ *sions.*” Doctr. of Abs.
 Predest. Page 87.

2.

“ In the last Day, CHRIST
 “ will sit as Judge, and
 “ openly *publish*, and so-
 “ lemnly *ratify* His ever-
 “ lasting Decrees, by re-
 “ ceiving the Elect into
 “ Glory, and by passing
 “ Sentence on the Non-
 “ elect (NOT FOR HAVING
 “ DONE WHAT THEY
 “ COULD NOT HELP,
 “ but) for their *wilful Ig-*
 “ *norance* of Divine Things,
 “ and their *obstinate Unbe-*
 “ *lief*; for their *Omissions*
 “ *of moral Duty*, and
 “ for their *repeated Iniqui-*
 “ *ties* and Transgressions
 “ WHICH THEY COULD
 “ NOT HELP.” *Wesley's*
 Abridgment, P. 9.

Whether my View of the Doctrine itself be,
 in fact, right, or wrong; is no part of the pre-
 sent Enquiry: The question is, *Have you quoted*
me fairly? Blush, Mr. *Wesley*, if you are capable
 of blushing. For once, publicly acknowledge
 yourself to have acted criminally: “ Unless,” to use
 your own Words on another Occasion, “ Shame
 “ and you have shook Hands and parted.”

C

Your

Your concluding Paragraph, which you have the Effrontery to palm on the World as *mine*, runs thus : “ * The Sum of all is this : One in “ Twenty (suppose) of Mankind are elected ; Nine- “ teen in Twenty are reprobated. The Elect shall “ be saved, do what they will ; the Reprobate “ shall be damned, do what they can. Reader, “ believe this, or be damned. Witness my “ Hand, A——— T———.”

In almost any other Case, a similar Forgery would transmit the Criminal to *Virginia* or *Maryland*, if not to *Tyburn*. If such an Opponent can be deemed an *honest* Man, where shall we find a *Knave* ?—What would you think of *me*, was I infamous enough to abridge any Treatise of yours, sprinkle it with Interpolations, and conclude it thus : “ Reader, buy this Book, or be damned. “ Witness my Hand, *John Wesley*” ?

And is it THUS you contend for Victory ? are THESE the Weapons of your Warfare ? Is THIS bearing down those, who differ from you, with *Meekness* ? Do you call THIS, binding with *Cords of Love* ? Away, for Shame, with such disingenuous Artifices. At least, endeavor to *conceal* that narrow, Sectarian Spirit, which betrays itself, more or less, in almost every Thing you write. Renounce the low, serpentine Cunning, which
puts

* *Wesley's Abridgment*, P. 12.

puts you on *falsifying*, what you find yourself unable to *refute*. And, as you regard your Character, and the Cause you espouse ; dismiss those dirty Subterfuges (the last Resources of mean, malicious Impotence), which degrade the Man of Parts into a lying Sophister, and sink a Divine beneath the level of an Oyster-woman. Cease to fight, like the *French*, with old Nails, and broken Glafs. Charge fairly, and fire as forcibly as you can. But, if you persist to employ the Weapons of Scurrility and Falsehood ; the Sp^hnters will not only recoil on yourself, but you will continue to be posted for a Theological Coward.

And why should *you*, of all People in the World, be so very angry with the *Doctrines of Grace* ? Forget not the Days and Months that are past. Remember, that it once depended on the Toss of a Shilling, whether you yourself should be a *Calvinist* or an *Arminian*. *Tails* fell uppermost, and you resolved to be an *Universalist*. 'Twas an happy Throw, which consigned you to the Tents of *Arminius* : For, it saved us from the Company of a Man, who, by a kind of *religious Gambling*, peculiarly his own, risked his Faith on the most contemptible of all *Lots* ; and was capable of tossing up for his *Creed*, as Porters, or Chairmen, toss up for an *Half penny*.

I have read of Princes, and other eminent Persons, who, having risen, from ignoble Life, to

Greanness ; took Care to have some striking Memorials, of their former Obscurity, frequently in their View : by way of a Counterpoise to Pride, and as a Preservative from being exalted above Measure. When, from the Pinnacle of your own Importance, you look down upon the Advocates for Free Grace, and consider them as Reptiles, to be treated as you please, only recollect the humbling Circumstance, of which I have just reminded you : And repress the complacent Swellings of Self-adulation, by some such Soliloquy as this ; “ I have been in Danger, myself, of believing that *St. Paul* says true, when he declares, that God *bath Mercy on whom he will have Mercy*. How precious was the Shilling, “ and, above all, how lucky was the Throw, “ which convinced me of *St. Paul’s* Mistake !” Forgive us, if we as implicitly determine *our* Faith by the Scriptures ; as you determined *yours*, by the Fall of the *splendid Shilling*.

But, even since this memorable *Epocha*, you have by no means proved yourself that *steady* Arminian, you would have the World believe. *Proteus* like, you disdain to be shackled and circumscribed by any certain Form. Her Ladyship of *Loretto*, though she has a different Suit for every Day in the Year, is *Semper eadem*, when compared with the *quondam* Fellow of *Lincoln* College. There are Times, when you vary as much from your preceding Self, as you do, at all

all Times, from the rest of Mankind. Possessed of more than *serpentine* Elability, you cast your Slough, not once a Year, but, almost, once an Hour. Hence, your innumerable *Inconsistencies*, and flagrant *Self-contradictions* ; the *jarring* of your Principles (ever at intestine War with each other), and the *Incoherence* of your religious System. Your Scheme of Doctrines reminds me of *the Feet* of a certain visionary *Image*, which, as the sacred Penman acquaints us, seem'd to be compos'd of *Iron* and *Clay* : heterogeneous Materials, which may, indeed, be *put* together, but will never *incorporate* with each other. Somewhat like the *Necromantic Soup*, of which you have, probably, read, in the Tragedy of *MACBETH* ; your Doctrines may be stirred into a chaotic Jumble, but Witchcraft itself would strive in vain to bring them into Co-alition.—On the contrary, *Evangelical Truth* knows nothing of this *Harlequin* Assemblage. It is not, like *Joseph's Coat*, of many Colors ; nor made up of a Patch from *Donatus*, of another from *Pelagius*, and a third from *Arminius* : but is invariably simple, uniform, and harmonious ; resembling the Robe of its adorable Teacher, which was *without Seam, and woven, from the Top, throughout*.

On one Occasion, you had the Candor to own your Levity, as to points of Faith. I am acquainted with a very respectable Person (Mr. J. D.) who, not many Years ago, taking the Freedom to tell
you,

you, that " Your Prejudices, like armed Men,
 " stood, with their Swords ready drawn, to guard
 " all the Passes of Conviction, and hew down
 " every Truth as fast as it presented itself to
 " your Mind;" you had the unusual Honesty
 to answer, " Ah! Sir! if you knew how dis-
 " tressed I have been, what Doctrines I should
 " embrace, and how I have been TOSSED ABOUT
 " FROM SYSTEM TO SYSTEM, you'd think me
 " the most open to Conviction, and the least
 " liable to Prejudice, of any Man you ever
 " knew."—This Answer did you real Honor,
 for, I am persuaded, you spoke true. Yet, why
 should you, who have been so remarkably *tossed*
about, take upon you to revile those who have
 been enabled to *stand fast*? I hope, for your
 own sake, that you will never cease *tossing about*,
 'till you have gain'd the Harbor of Truth:
 and that, amidst all your manifold shifting *from*
System to System, you will, at length, be enabled
 to fix on the only *right* System, which asserts
 the Lawfulness of God's doing what he will with
 his own.

I am told, the *Penny-sheet* (which occasions
 this free Address) is to be followed, some Time
 hence, by a *four-penny* Pamphlet against ZANCHIUS:
 Wherein you are to besiege the Doctrine of Pre-
 destination in Form. Commence the Siege, and
 welcome. Open your Trenches, and plant your
 Batteries. Bring forth your strong Arguments,
 and

and play them off with Vigor. I publicly profess, and subscribe my Name to it, that, if I cannot beat you back, I'll freely capitulate, and own myself conquered. But remember, that, if you would do any Thing to Purpose, you must make a regular Attack. You must encounter the Whole of ZANCHIUS, and take his Arguments in their regular Connection and Dependency on each other. You must go through with my *Preface*, which I prefix'd to my Translation of that great Man. Having carry'd and dismantled the *Out-work*, you must next procede to demolish the Dissertation on the *Divine Attributes*: which having destroyed, you are, Then, to assail the Citadel; I mean, those five stubborn Chapters, which make up the Body of the Treatise itself. All the Allies, or the Arguments drawn from Scripture and Reason, must likewise be put to the Sword. This should you attempt to do, in a Manner worthy of a Scholar and a Divine; I shall have no Objection (if Life and Health continue) to measuring Swords, or breaking a Pike, with you. Controversy, properly conducted, is a Friend to Truth, and no Enemy to Benevolence. When the Flint and the Steel are in Conflict, some Sparks may issue, which may both warm and enlighten.—But I have no Notion of encountering a *Wind-mill*, in lieu of a *Giant*. If, therefore, you come against me (as now) with *Straws*, instead of Artillery; and with *Chaff*, in the Room of Ammunition; I shall disdain to give
you

you Battle : I shall only laugh at you from the Ramparts.

Much less, if you descend to your customary Recourse, of *False Quotations*, despicable *Invective*, and unsupported *Dogmatisms*; shall I hold myself obliged to, again, enter the Lists with you. An Opponent, who thinks to add Weight to his Arguments, by Scurrility and Abuse; resembles the insane Person, who rolled himself in Mud, in order to make himself fine. I would no more enter into a formal Controversy, with such a Scribbler, than I would contend, for the Wall, with a Chimney-sweeper.

When some of your Friends gave out, two or three Months before your late doughty Publication, that Mr. *John* (as they call you) was *shutting himself up* *, in order to answer the Translator of ZANCHIUS; I really imagined, that something tolerably respectable was going to make its Appearance. But

Quid dignum tanto tulit hic Promissor Hiatus?

After

* *Dreadful his Thunders, while unprinted, roar;
But, when once publish'd, they are heard no more.
So, distant Bug-bears fright: but, nearer draw,
The Block's a Block, and turns to Mirth your Awe.*

DR. YOUNG.

After the teeming Mountain had been *shut* up a competent Time, long enough to have been brought to bed of an HERCULES; forth creeps a puny, toothless *Mouse*! a Mouse, of heterogeneous Kind: having little more than its *Head* and *Tail* * from YOU; and the main of its *Body* made up of some mangled, castrated Citations from ZANCHIUS.

—*Currente Rotâ, cur Urceus exit?*

If I may judge of the Future, by the Past, and unless you amend greatly in a short Time; your *Four-penny* Supplement, when it appears, will be no less inconsiderable, than the *Penny* Sheet, already extant. And, as the *Mouse* is not cheap, at a *Penny*; I am very apprehensive, the *Rat*, when it ventures out, will be far too dear at a *Groat*.

Hitherto, your Treatment of ZANCHIUS resembles That of some clumsy, bungling *Anatomist*: who, in the Dissection of an Animal, dwells much on the larger and more obvious Particulars; but quite omits the Nerves, the Lymphatics, the Muscles, and the most interesting Parts of the complicate Machine. Thus, in your piddling Extract from the Pamphlet you have thought proper to curtail, you only give a few of the larger *Outlines*; without at all entering into the Spirit of the Subject,

* The *Advertisement*, on the Back-side of Mr. *Wesley's* Title-page; and his concluding Paragraph, P. 12.

ject, or so much as *producing* (so far from attempting to *refute*) any of the turning Points, on which the Argument depends. Wrench the finest Eye, that ever shone in a Lady's Head, from its Socket ; and it will appear frightful and deformed : whereas, in its natural Connection, the Symmetry and Brilliancy, the Expressiveness and the Beauty, are conspicuous. So it, often, fares with Authors. A detached Sentence, artfully misplaced, or unseasonably introduced ; maliciously applied, or unfairly cited ; may appear to carry an Idea, the very Reverse of its real Meaning. But re-place the dislocated Passage, and its Propriety and Importance are restored. I would wish every unprejudiced Person, into whose Hands your Abridgment of my Translation has fallen, to suspend his Judgment concerning it, 'till he sees the Translation itself. On comparing the Two together, he will, at once, perceive, how candid and *honest* you are ; and what Quantity of Confidence may be reposed on your Integrity as a Citer.

When I advert to the unjust and indecent Manner, in which you attacked the late excellent Mr. *Hervy* ; above all, when I consider how daringly free you have made with THE SCRIPTURES themselves, both in your Commentaries, and in your Alterations of the Text itself ; I cease to wonder at the audacious Licentiousness of your Pen, respecting *me*. I should rather wonder, if you treated *any* Opponent with Equity, or canvassed

vass'd any Subject impartially. Rise but once to THIS, and I shall both wonder and rejoice.

You give me to understand, that I am but "A young Translator." Granted. Better, however, to be a young Translator, than an *old Plagiary*. Which of our ancient Divines have you not evaporated and spoiled? and made them speak a Language, when dead; which they would have started from, with Horror, when alive? *

Yet, Brutus is an honorable Man!

How miserably have you pillaged even *my* Publication? Books, when sent into the World, are, no doubt, in some Sense, public Property. ZANCHIUS, if you chose to buy him, was yours to read; and, if you thought yourself equal to the Undertaking, was yours to *answer*: but he was not yours, to mangle. Remember, how narrowly you escaped a Prosecution, some Years ago, for pirating the Poems of Dr. YOUNG.

I would wish you to keep your Hands from literary Picking and Stealing. However, if you cannot refrain from this Kind of *Stealth*, you can abstain from *murdering* what you steal. You ought not, with *Abab*, to *kill*, as well as *take Possession*: nor, Giant like, to strew the Area of your Den with the Bones of such Authors as you have seized and slain.

D 2

On

* See almost every Part of what Mr. Wesley miscalls, *The Christian Library*.

On most Occasions, you are too prone to set up your own infallible Judgment as the very *Lapis Lydius* of Right and Wrong. Hence the Firebrands, Arrows, and Death, which you hurl at those, who presume to vary from the Oracles you dictate. Hence, particularly, your illiberal and malevolent Spleen against the Protestant Dissenters * ; though, yourself

* “ How little is the Case mended at the Meeting ? either the Teachers are *new-light Men*, denying the Lord that bought them ; or they are *Predestinarians*, and so preach Predestination and final Perseverance, more or less. Nor is it expedient for any Methodist Preacher to imitate the Dissenters in their Manner of *Praying* : either in his *Tone*, or in his *Language*, or in the *Length* of his Prayer. Neither should we *sing*, like them, in a slow, drawling manner. We sing swift, both because it saves Time, and because it tends to awake and enliven the Soul.”

Mr. Wesley's Preferv. against Unsettled Notions, P. 244.

How much more *Civilly*, not to say *Cordially*, this Gentleman shakes Hands with the *Papists*, let his own Words declare : “ Can nothing be done, even allowing us, on *both* sides, to retain our own Opinions, for the softening our Hearts towards each other ?—My Dear Friend, consider. I am not persuading you to *leave* or *change* your Religion : but to follow after that Fear and Love of God, without which, all Religion is vain. I say not a Word to you, about your *Opinions*, or outward *Manner of Worship*.—We ought, without this endless jangling about Opinions, to provoke one another to Love and to good Works. Let the Points, wherein we differ, stand aside. Here are enough, wherein we agree.—O *Brethren*, let us not still fall out by the Way !”

Mr. Wesley's Letter to a Roman Catholic, P. 4, 8, 10.

Far be it from me, to charge Mr. Wesley with a Fondness for *all* the grosser Parts of Popery. Yet, I fear, the Partition between that Church and Him, is somewhat *thinner* than might be wished. Or, rather, like the loving *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*, they endeavor to remedy the Want of a perfect Co-alition, by kissing each other through an Hole in the Wall.

yourself are, in many respects, a Dissenter of the worst Kind. I would not, however, by this Declaration, be understood, as if I meant to dishonor that respectable Body, by classing *you* with *THEM*; for you stand alone, and are a Dissenter of a Cast peculiar to yourself. And yet, like *Henry I.* you are for making the Length of your own Arm, the Standard-measure for every Body else. No wonder, therefore, that you eminently inherit the Fate of *Isbmael*: that your *Hand is against every Man, and every Man's Hand against you*. Strange! that one, who pleads, so strenuously, for universal Love in the Deity; should adopt so little of the Love, for which he pleads! that a Person, of Principles so large, should have an Heart so narrow! *Bigots*, of every Denomination, are much the same: and, of all Vices, Bigotry is one of the meanest and most mischievous. Its shriveled, contracted Breast leaves no Room for the noble Virtues to dilate and play. Candor, Benevolence, and Forbearance, become smothered and extinguished: partly, from being cramped by Littleness of Mind; partly, from being overwhelmed with Intellectual Dust. Bigotry, is a determined Enemy to Truth; inasmuch as it essentially interferes with *Freedom of Enquiry*, restrains the grand indefeasible *Right of private Judgment*, confines our Regards to *a Party*, and, by limiting the Extent of *Moderation* and mutual *Good-will*, tears up CHARITY by the very Roots. In short, Bigotry is the very Essence of Popery; and, too often, leads its Votaries, before they are aware, into

into the Bosom of that pretended Church, whose Doctrines and Maxims are the worst Corruption of the best Religion that ever was. And, though this baneful Vice is so *uncomfortable*, in itself; so *contrary* to the Genius of the Gospel; and so extensively *pernicious*, in its Effects; yet, is it not as *common*, as it is detestable? May All God's Children be enabled to cast it, with the rest of their Idols, to the Moles and to the Bats!

You have, obliquely, given me a sneering Lecture upon “*Modesty, Self-diffidence, and Tender-ness*” to Opponents: And, it must be owned, that the Lesson comes with a *peculiar* Grace, and quite in Character, from YOU. The Words *sound* well: But, like many other Prescribers, you *say*, and *do* not. Else, why do you represent me as telling my Readers, that they must, “upon Pain of Damnation, believe, that only One Person in Twenty is elected?” Why do you introduce me as enjoining them to believe, under the same Penalty, that “The Elect shall be saved, do what they will; and the Reprobate damn’d, do what they can?” This is a Sample, indeed, of *your own* Modesty, Tenderness, and Self-diffidence: but, God forbid, that I should give such dismal Proof of *mine*. I believe, and Preach, that the Chosen and Ransom’d of the Lord are *appointed to Salvation through Sanctification of the Spirit, and Belief of the Truth*: And, with regard to the rest, that they will be Condemn’d, not for doing

doing what they can in a moral Way, but for NOT doing what they can : for *not* believing the Gospel Report ; and for *not* ordering their Conversation according to it.

Let me likewise ask you, when, or where, I ever presumed to ascertain the *Number* of God's Elect ? Point out the Treatise, and the Page, wherein I assert, that only " One in Twenty of " Mankind are Elected." The Book of Life is not in *your* keeping, nor in *mine*. The Lord, and *the* Lord only, *knoweth them that are His*. He alone, who *telleth the Number of the Stars*, and *calleth them all by their Names* ; calleth also *his own Sheep by Name*, and *leadeth them out* ; first, from a State of Sin into a State of Grace, and then into the State of Glory. Yet, as the Learned and Devout BEZA expresses himself, " I shall " never blush to abide by that Simplicity, which " the Holy Spirit, speaking in the Scriptures, " hath been pleased to adopt * " : And 'tis but too certain, that, in the Scriptures, are such awful Passages as these ; *Broad is the Way, and wide the Gate, which leadeth to Destruction, and MANY there be that go in thereat* : While, on the other Hand, *Straight is the Gate, and narrow is the Way, that leadeth unto Life, and FEW there be that find it*.—*MANY are called, but FEW are chosen*.

* *Me verò istius Simplicитatis, quam Sp. S. amplexus est, nunquam pudebit*. BEZA, in Matth. ii. 2.

chosen.—Fear not, LITTLE Flock; for 'tis your Father's good Pleasure to give you the Kingdom.—There is a REMNANT, according to the Election of Grace. Declarations, of this tremendous Import, instead of furnishing you with Fuel for Contention, and setting you on a presumptuous and fruitless Calculation of the *Number* that shall be saved, or lost; should rather bring you on your Knees before God, with your Hand upon your Breast, and this Cry in your Lips: “Search
 “ me, O Lord, and try me; prove me also, and
 “ examine my Thoughts. Shew me, to which
 “ Class I belong. Give me solid Proof that my
 “ Name is in the Lamb's Book of Life, by
 “ making it clear to me that I am in the Faith.” And ever remember, that true Faith utterly disclaims all Ground of Pretension to Justification and Eternal Life, but on the sole Footing of God's *absolute Grace*, and the Messiah's *finish'd Redemption*. PELAGIANISM is for serving the Deity, as Pope *Celestine III.* is said to have treated the Emperor *Henry VI.* It quite kicks off the Crown from the Head of Sovereign Grace; and makes the Will of God bend, and truckle, and shape itself to the Caprice of Man. ARMINIANISM, somewhat more specious, but altogether as pernicious, cuts the Crown in *two*, by dividing the Praise of Salvation between God and Man, and fairly runs away with Half. On the contrary, that FAITH which is of Divine Operation, acts like the Emperor *Charles V.* when he retired from the Throne:
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It *resigns* the Crown entirely, and *renounces* it forever, without reserving so much as a single Jewel for Itself.

Should the Holy Spirit vouchsafe to lead you thus far ; you will, then, no longer be ready to object, that “ The Elect shall be sav’d, do what they will :” For you’ll know, by Heart-felt Experience, that the Converted Elect are, and cannot but be, ambitious to perform all those good Works, in which God hath ordained them to walk ; and to act worthy of Him, who hath, graciously and effectually, called them to his Kingdom and Glory.

Your pretended Fear of *Antinomianism*, like your real Fear of the *Comet*, which was expected to have appear’d a few Years back, is perfectly idle and chimerical. You publicly testify’d your Apprehensions, that the *latter* would dry up our Rivers, and burn up our Vegetables, if not reduce the Earth itself to a Cinder. But your Prophecies prov’d to be “ The baseless Fabric of a Vision ;” and our Rivers, Trees, and Earth, remain as they were.—Nor will the Doctrines of Grace, experimentally received into the Heart, destroy, or weaken, the Obligations of moral * Virtue. On the contrary, they

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* Consciousness of Guilt, and Dread of Detection, frequently put bad Men upon entering those Accusations against their Opponents, which, without such a timely Precaution, they

will operate on the Practice, not like your scorching Comet on our Globe; but like the genial Beams of the Sun: which diffuse Gladness, and occasion Fruitfulness, wherever they arise. Whoever wishes in earnest to lead a *new Life*, must, first, cordially embrace the good *old Doctrine* of Salvation by Grace alone.—In short, your own Tenet, of *sinless Perfection*, leads, directly, to the grossest *Antinomianism*. I once knew a Lady, whom you had inveigled into your Pale, and who, in a short Space, profest herself *perfect*. Being in her Company, some Time after, I pointed out a Part of her Conduct, which, to me, seem'd hardly

they are justly apprehensive, will be charg'd upon themselves: like the apostate Spirits in *Milton*, who were for turning their own Torments into Weapons against Heaven. Such is the prudent Conduct of very many *Arminians*. Fully aware, that their own Lives are none of the best, they affect to cry out against *Calvinism*, as though she was the very Mother and Nurse of Licentiousness. Were she really so, what Myriads would desert the Standard of *Arminius*, and flock to the Banner of *Calvin*! But all, who are capable of Discernment, know, that the pretended licentious Tendency of *Calvinism* (so called) is no more than idle Florish and empty Declamation. Were the Doctrines of Grace unfavorable to strict Morality, we should quickly see them the reigning System of the Age. On the contrary, they are *therefore*, at present, unfashionable, because they make no Allowance for the Wickedness of the Wicked. 'Tis a fundamental Axiom, with us, who abide by the Principles of the *Reformation*, that Holiness of Heart and Life is (not the *Cause*, *Price*, or *Condition*, but, which adds infinitely stronger Security to the Interests of moral Virtue) *an essential and inseparable Part of that very Salvation*, to which the Elect were chosen from everlasting. A *Calvinist* must, consequently, renounce both the Letter and the Spirit of his own constitutive Principles (*i. e.* he must cease to be a Calvinist), e'er he can, consistently, degenerate into a *Sensualist*.

hardly compatible with a sinless State. Her Answer was to this Effect: "You are no competent Judge of my Behavior. You are not, yourself, perfectly sanctified; and therefore see my Tempers and Actions through a false Medium. I may, to you, *seem* angry: but my Anger is only Christian Zeal."—I could, moreover, mention the Names of some of your *quondam* Followers, who, from professing themselves sinless, have cast off all Appearance of Godliness, and are working all Manner of Iniquity with Greediness. If you are in search of *Antinomians*, truly and justly so called; you must look for them, not among those whom you term *Calvinists*, but among your own hair-brained * *Perfectionists*. Had

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not

* I might, with too much justice, add, that some of Mr. W.'s own *Lay-Preachers* are, indisputably, to be number'd among *practical Antinomians*. These, however, are regarded, by their Partisans, as *very excellent* Men, that have not yet attain'd to *Perfection*, tho' they are in a *fair way* for it.—If Mr. Wesley should have the Front to deny, that any of his preaching Mechanics are Men of loose Lives; I have it in my Power to appeal to *Facts*, which a Tenderness for those Persons, as Individuals of Mankind, and a Concern for the Honor of human Nature in general, restrain me, at present, from holding up to public View—Nor would I be thought to hint at these Things, with pleasurable Triumph. I feel too strongly for the Interests of Christian Obedience, and for the Happiness of Souls, to *exult* over the Vices of the Vicious---But, when Men, whose Lives would be a Disgrace to Heathenism; when Men, whom *Socrates* or *Seneca* would have blush'd to own for Disciples; take upon them to arraign the Doctrines of the Scriptures, and of our *Established Church*, under a Pretence of guarding against those Immoralities of which they themselves are notorious and noon-day Examples---What can such shameless Railers expect, but to have their own *real* Crimes deservedly exposed?

not you yourself (to remind you of but one Instance) a Proof of it, not very long ago? You formed a Scheme, of collecting as many *perfect* ones as you could, to live together under one Roof. A Number of these Flowers were accordingly transplanted, from some of your Nursery-beds, to the *Hot-house*. And an hot House it soon proved. For, would we believe it? the *sinless* People *quarrelled*, in a short Time, at so violent a Rate, that you found yourself forced to disband the Select Regiment. Had you kept 'em together much longer, that Line would have been literally verif'y'd in these squabbling Members of *YOUR Church Militant*;

The Males pull'd Noses, and the Females Caps.

A very small House, I am persuaded, 'would hold the *really Perfect*, upon Earth. You might drive them ALL into a *Nutshell*. But to return.

I cannot dismiss your Objection, concerning the supposed *Fewness* of God's truly elect People, without observing, that, how *few* soever they may appear, and really be, in a single Generation, and as balanced with the Many Unrighteous among whom they live below; yet, when the whole Number of the Redeemer's Jewels is made up—when the entire Harvest of His Saints is gathered in—when His complete Mystic Body is presented, collectively, before the Throne of His Father; they will amount to *an exceeding great Multitude, which no Man can number*. On Earth, the Com-
pany

pany of the Faithful may, to us, who know but in Part, resemble *Elijah's Cloud*, which, at first, seemed *no bigger than a Man's Hand* : whereas, in the Day of God, they will be found to overspread the whole Heavens. They may appear, Now, to use *Isaiab's Phrase*, but as *Two or Three Berries on the Top of a Bough*, or as *four or five in the most fruitful branches thereof* ; but they shall, THEN, be like the Tree in *Nebuchadnezzar's Vision*, the *Height of which reached unto Heaven*, and the *Sight of it to the End of all the Earth* : the *Leaves whereof were fair*, and the *Fruit thereof much*. The Kingdom of Glory will both be more *largely*, and more *variously*, peopled ; than Bigots, of all Denominations, are either able to think, or willing to allow.

Go now, Sir, and dazzle the Credulous with your mock Victory over the supposed Reprobation of "Nineteen in Twenty." Go on to chalk hideous Figures on your Wainscot ; and enjoy the glorious Triumph of battering your Knuckles in fighting them. But father no more of your hideous Figures on *me*. Do not dress up Scare-crows of your own, and then affect to run away from them as mine. I do not expect to be treated, by Mr. *John Wesley*, with the Candor of a Gentleman, or the Meekness of a Christian ; but I wish him, for his Reputation's Sake, to write and act with the Honesty of an Heathen.

You affect to be deemed a Minister of the National Church. Why, then, do you decry
her

her *Doctrines*, and, as far as in you lies, sap her *Discipline*? That you decry her *Doctrines*, needs no Proof: Witness, for Example, the wide Discrepancy, between Her Decisions and Yours, on the Articles of *Free-will*, *Justification*, *Predestination*, *Perseverance*, and *sinless Perfection*; to say nothing concerning your new-fangled Doctrine of the *Intermediate State* of Departed Souls. *

That you, likewise, do not overflow with Zeal for the *Discipline* † of the Church of *England*, is mani-

* In Mr. *Wesley's* first Edition of his Notes on the New Testament, published in 1755, are the Two following Assertions: than which, even he himself has, perhaps, never given a more striking Specimen of *Presumption* and *Inconsistency*. " *ENOCH* " and *ELIJAH* are not in Heaven, but only in Paradise; " Note on *John* iii. 13. " *ENOCH* and *ELIJAH* enter'd at once into the " highest Degree of Glory, without first waiting in Paradise; " Note on *Rev.* xix. 20.---This it is, to be wise above what is written!

† Mr. *Wesley's* re-baptization of some adult Persons is another Proof of this charge. I could point out, by name, more than One, who have undergone, from his Hands, a Reiteration of that sacred Ceremony. I shall only, at present, mention a single Instance, which I had from the Person herself, with Permission to publish her Name, at full length, in case Mr. *W.* should deny the Fact. Mrs. *L. S.* now living in *Southwark*, was baptized, in a bathing Tub, in a Cellar, by Mr. *John Wesley*; who, at the Time, held her down so very long under Water, while he deliberately pronounc'd the Words of the Administration, that some Friends of hers, who were present, scream'd out, from an Apprehension that she was actually drown'd: and she herself was so far gone, that she began to grow insensible, and was lifted out of the Water but just Time enough to save her Life.---Yet this is the Man, who, in the Writings which he has publish'd to the World, professes to hold Infant-Baptism, and that by Sprinkling, not by Immersion!

Quo teneam Vultus mutantem Protea Nedo?

manifest, not only from the numerous and intricate Regulations, with which you fetter * your Societies

* The Rules of what Mr. *Wesley* calls the *Band Societies*, demonstrate the miserable Servitude of those who are admitted into that gossiping Club. The whole of these Rules would be too tedious to insert. One or two of them, as Samples of the rest, may not be unacceptable to the Reader.

“ To speak, each of us in Order, freely and plainly, the true State of our Souls; with the FAULTS we have committed, in THOUGHT, WORD, or DEED; and the TEMPTATIONS we have felt, since our last Meeting.

“ To desire some Person among us, to speak his own State first, and then ask the rest, in order, as MANY and as SEARCHING Questions as may be, concerning their State, Sins, and Temptations.”

Among the Questions, propos'd to such as are Candidates for Admission into this pretended *Sanctum Sanctorum*, is the following:

“ Is it your Desire and Design, to be, on this and all other Occasions, ENTIRELY OPEN, so as to SPEAK EVERY THING THAT IS IN YOUR HEART, without EXCEPTION, without DISGUISE, and without RESERVE?”

The printed Account, from whence these Extracts were taken *verbatim*, adds; that the five following Questions are to be ask'd at every Meeting:

“ 1. What known SINS have you committed, since our last Meeting?

“ 2. What TEMPTATIONS have you met with?

“ 3. How was you deliver'd?

“ 4. What have you THOUGHT, SAID, or DONE, of which you doubt whether it be Sin or not?

“ 5. Have you NOTHING you desire to keep a SECRET?”

The Reader, doubtless, will, on this Occasion, be reminded of the *Popish* Practice of *Auricular Confession*. For my own Part, I make no Scruple to acknowledge, that *Confession*, as manag'd in the Church of Rome, is infinitely preferable to *Confession*, as conducted under the Auspices of Mr. *Wesley*. In those Countries, where Popery

ties, but from the Measures, you lately perfued, when a foreign Mendicant was in *England*, who went by the Name of *Erasmus*, and styled himself Bishop of *Arcadia*. This old Gentleman passed for a Prelate of the *Greek Church*; though, to me, it seems not improbable, that he might rather be a Member of the *Romish*. Thus much, however, is certain; that the Chaplains of the then *Russian* Embassador, here, knew nothing about him; and that, to this Day, the *Greek Church*, in *Amsterdam*, believe him to have been an Impostor. With Regard to this Person, I take the Liberty of putting one or two plain Queries to you.

1. Did you, or did you not, get him * to ordain several of your Lay-preachers, according to the Manner of what he called the *Greek Ritual*?

2. Did

pery is established, Confession is made only to *one* Person, and he a Priest: who, if he divulges what is made known to him under the Character of Confessor, is liable, by Law, to suffer Death. But, in these *Band Societies*, the most open and unreserv'd Confession, is, it seems, made, in the Hearing of a Dozen or Twenty old Women and Boys, who are at Liberty to blab out all they hear, without being obnoxious to any Penalty at all.

I shall only transcribe, from the above Account, the two following Rules, impos'd on these same Societys:

1. "To wear no needless Ornaments; such as Rings, Ear-rings, Necklaces, Lace, Ruffles.

2. "To use no needless Self-indulgence; such as, taking SNUFF, or TOBACCO: unless prescribed by the Physician."

* There is something vastly curious in the *Letter of Orders*, which this Vagrant gave to the Persons he pretended

2. Did these Lay-preachers of yours, or did they not, both *dress*, and *officiate*, as Clergymen of the Church of *England*, in Consequence of that Ordination? And under the Sanction of your own

F

avowed

ded to ordain. I once saw an Original *Letter*, or Certificate, of this kind, sign'd by himself. It was written in very mean *Greek*: and, which added to my Persuasion of *Erasmus's* being an Impostor, was drawn up, not in the modern *Greek*, which the Christians of that Church now use, but in the *antient*: and, if I am not greatly mistaken, the Words were likewise *accented*. I read it over, twice; and most sincerely wish, I had taken a Copy of it: But, at that Time, I regarded it only as an Article of present Curiosity.---A Friend of mine, however, who improved his Opportunity rather better, took a Translation of it; which, on my after Request, he favor'd me with: and, upon the Strength of Memory, I can venture to assure the Public, that the Version is, materially, a just one. I believe it to be perfectly so. It runs thus:

" Our Measure from the Grace, Gift and Power of the
 " All-holy and Life-giving Spirit, given by our Saviour Jesus
 " Christ to his divine and holy Apostles, to ordain Sub-deacons
 " and Deacons; and also to advance to the Dignity of a
 " Priest! Of this Grace, which hath descended to Our Hu-
 " mility, I have ordained Sub-deacon and Deacon, at
 " Snows-fields Chapel, on the 19th Day of November,
 " 1764, and at Wells-street Chapel, on the 24th of the
 " same Month, Priest; the Reverend Mr. W. C. according
 " to the Rules of the holy Apostles and of our Faith. More-
 " over, I have given to him Power to minister and teach, in
 " all the World, the Gospel of Jesus Christ, no one forbidding
 " him in the Church of God. Wherefore, for that very Pur-
 " pose, I have made this present Letter of Recommendation
 " from Our Humility, and have given it to the ordained Mr.
 " W. C. for his Certificate and Security.

" Given and written at London, in Britain, November
 " 24th, 1764.

" ERASMUS, Bishop of ARCADIA."

I can-

avowed Approbation? notwithstanding, putting Matters at the best, they could only be Ministers of the *Greek Church*, and which could give them no legal Right to act as Ministers of the Church of *England*. Nay, did you not, repeatedly, declare, that *their* Ordination was, to all Intents and Purposes, as valid, as *your own*, which you received, forty Years ago, at *Oxford*?

3. Did you, or did you not, strongly press this supposed *Greek Bishop* to *consecrate* YOU a Bishop at Large, that you might be invested with a Power of ordaining what Ministers you pleased, to officiate in your Societies as Clergymen? And, did he not *refuse* to consecrate you, alledging this for his Reason, That, according to the Canons of the *Greek Church*, more than one Bishop must be present to assist at the Consecration of a new one?

4. In all this, did you, or did you not, palpably violate a certain Oath, which you have repeatedly taken? I mean the *Oath of Supremacy*: Part of which, runs thus;

And

I cannot help suspecting, that *His Humility*, as he styles himself, is, if the Truth was known, nearly related to another certain old Gentleman, who, no less *humbly*, writes himself, *Servant of the Servants of God*. -- *His Humility* of ARCADIA, and *His Holiness* of ROME, are, I doubt not, Sons of one and the same Ecclesiastical Mother.

And I do declare, that no FOREIGN Prince, Person, PRELATE, State, or Potentate, hath, or ought to have, any Jurisdiction, POWER, Superiority, Pre-eminence, or Authority, ECCLESIASTICAL or SPIRITUAL, within this Realm: so help me GOD.

Now, is not the *Conferring of Orders* an Act of the highest *Ecclesiastical Power and Authority*? And was not this Man a *Foreigner*? And were not the Steps, you took, a positive Acknowledgment of a *foreign Power and Jurisdiction*? And was not such Acknowledgment a *Breach of your Oath*?

It matters not, whether *Erasmus* was, in fact, an Impostor, or a genuine Greek Bishop. Unless you was very insincere, you took him to be what he past for. If you did *not*, you was Party to a Fraud. Either Way, pretend no longer to love the Church of England! you, who so lately endeavor'd to set up *Imperium in Imperio*! If you are honest, you will either publicly confess your Fault; or, for ever, throw aside your Gown and Cassock. You will either return to the Service of the Church, or cease to wear her Livery.—You may think, perhaps, that I make too free, in expostulating with you so plainly. And yet, on maturer Thought, I question, whether you may or not. How can Mr. *Wesley*, who, on all Occasions, makes so very free with others; be angry with *young Translators*, for copying (tho' at humble Distance) so venerable an Example? Nor, indeed, ought a Person, who, beyond even what

Truth and Decency permit, takes so great Liberties with the rest of his Contemporaries; to wonder, if, so far as Decency and Truth allow, the rest of his Contemporaries take as great Liberties with *Him*.

You complain, I am told, that the Evangelical Clergy are leaving no Stone unturn'd "to raise *John Calvin's* Ghost, in all Quarters of the Land." If you think the Doctrines of that Eminent and Blessed Reformer to be formidable as a Ghost; you are welcome to do all you can, toward *laying* them. Begin your Incantations, as soon as you please. The Press is open: and you never had a fairer Opportunity, of trying your Strength upon *John Calvin*, than at present. Only, take Care, that you do not, with all your Skill in Theological Magic, get yourself into a *Circle*, out of which you may find it difficult to retreat — And, a little to mitigate your Wrath against the Raisers of *Calvin's* Ghost; remember, that you yourself have been a great Ghost-raiser, in your Time. Who rais'd the Ghosts of *John Goodwin*, the Arminian Regicide; and of *Thomas Grantbam*, the Arminian Baptist? who rais'd the Ghost of Monsieur * *De Renty*, the *French* Papist; and of many

* As a Specimen of Mr. *Wesley's* Regard to, at least, the *Minutiae* of *POPERY*, I shall select a few Passages from his Life of this Monsieur *De Renty*, which now lies before me. The Reader will observe, that the Sentences, inclos'd with inverted Commas, are Mr. *Wesley's* OWN Words.

many other *Romish* Enthusiasts; by translating their Lives into *English*, for the Edification of Protestant Readers?

Should

He speaks favorably of this *French* Papist, for his regularly "*saying the Itinerarium*," and then "*singing the Litanies of our Lord*," before he set out on any Journey; and for taking due Care to "*sing the Vespers*," while he was upon the Road. Page 3. Among the Instances of Monsieur's Humility, are reckon'd (Page 9 and 10.) his not permitting "*a cushion to be carried for him*," when he went to Mass; and his frequently saying "*his Prayers at the outside of the Church*." Also, his going abroad, to visit a *Monastery*, "*on Foot*," and that too "*in thawing Weather*:" Nay, he would, sometimes, "*traverse in a Manner all Paris*," even when "*it pour'd down with Rain*." And yet, with all this mad Humility, Mr. *De Renty*, it seems, kept a *Coach* of his own. Had he been consistent, he would have entirely shorn himself of this supernumerary Convenience, by laying down his Carriage. But then, where would have been the *Merit* of spontaneously traversing all Paris on Foot when it pour'd down with Rain? His dutiful Demeanor to the Priest, who had the Care of his Soul, as its *Father-Confessor*, is a Feature of Mr. *De Renty's* Saintship, on which Mr. *Wesley*, with peculiar Rapture, dwells and dilates. Page 11. "*A further Proof of his Humility, was his Carriage to his Director. He did Nothing that concern'd himself, without His Conduct. To Him he propos'd whatever he designed, either by speaking, or writing, clearly and punctually; desiring his Advice, his Pleasure, and his Blessing upon it: and that, with the utmost Respect and Submission. And, without Reply, or Disputing, he simply and exactly followed his Order*." This was good Catholic Obedience indeed! and, no Doubt, Mr. *Wesley* had a View, in proposing such an Example to the Imitation of his Protestant Followers. Under the Article of *De Renty's* "*Self-denial and Mortification*," we are informed (Pag. 14.) that "*he made but one Meal a Day*"
 " for

Should you take any Notice of this Letter, I have Three Requests to make; or, rather, there are Three Particulars, on which I have a Right to insist :

I. Don't

"for several Years," and "always of the worst" Provisions he could meet with. He would "often step into a Baker's Shop," and dine on "a Piece of Bread and a Draught of Water." From the same Principle of gloomy and unthankful Superstition, he would do Penance, by "passing the Night in a Chair," or lying down "in his Cloaths and Boots," or sleeping "on a Bench till Morning." Being at Pontois, "in Winter," he desired "the Carmelite Nuns not to make a Fire, or prepare a Bed" for him. "He parted with several Books (Pag. 16.) because" they were "richly bound." He "used no Gloves, in any Season; wore no Cloaths, but plain and close-made;" and "carried no Silver" in his Pockets, "except for Charity." After which Detail of Austerities, the Biographer gravely adds, "I have seen him in his COACH, with a PAGE and FOOTMAN." His Coach, I presume, was to carry him on Foot, when it rain'd; his Page was to hold up his Cloaths, which were plain and close-made; and the Office of the Footman was to reach him his Gloves, whereof he wore none in any Season. Who could ever have surmised, that such a doleful Series of Mortification and Self-denial, would end in the Fopperies of a Coach, a Page, and a Footman! Mr. De Renty's Vanity, which mixed itself with his very Austerities, reminds me of what, I am told, is common in the Streets of Paris: where you may see many a blind Beggar bawling for Alms, in a Bag-wig, his Hat under his Arm, a wooden Sword by his Side, and Paper Ruffles adorning the Hand that is extended to receive Charity. But to return to the Hero of the Tale. Having had a Quarrel with his Mother, and the Breach being made up, "he was no sooner returned Home, than he caused Te Deum to be sung," Pag. 24. "He had great Respect to holy Persons; especially to PRIESTS. When ever he met them, he saluted them with profound Humility; and,

1. Don't quote unfairly.
2. Don't answer evasively.
3. Don't print clandestinely.

Can-

"and, in his Travels, would alight off his Horse to do it." Pag. 33. Nor does Mr. Wesley omit to inform us, P. 39, of Mr. De Renty's Regard to such fugitive Papists, as had either render'd themselves obnoxious to the Laws at Home, or prefer'd Begging in France, to living under an Heretical Government in Great-Britain. "He was the First that motion'd a some Relief to the poor English, driven, by PERSECUTION, out of their own Country." Nor must his very Pilgrimages be overlooked. "Going, one Day, to visit the Holy Place of Montmatre; after his Prayers said in the Church, he retired into a desolate Part of the Mount, near a little Spring. There he kneeled down to Prayer: and, that ended, he dined on a Piece of Bread and a Draught of Water." Pag. 45. Would it not have been still more devout, not to have dined at all, on such holy Ground? "One Day, he visited a Person, who, from a groundless Suspicion, had cruelly used his Wife. Mr. De Renty accosted him with such soft Language, that he was persuaded, at length, TO GO TO CONFESSION, which he had not done in twelve Years before." P. 47, 48. Himself, says Mr. Wesley, speaking of Mr. De Renty's last Illness, "made his CONFESSION, almost every Day till his Death." Pag. 62.

I dismiss these, and many other Passages in this obnoxious Performance, without farther Remark. Their Tendency is self-evident. I shall only add, that, if the Reader has a Desire to see still more enormous Instances of Romish Superstition and Fanaticism; he will find them in Mr. Wesley's Lives of some Spanish Monks (who, more nationally grave, did not imitate the French Ascetic, by retaining their Coaches, Pages, and Footmen), in the last Volume, or last but one, of his Compilation, entitled, *The Christian Library*.

Canvass the Points of Doctrine, wherein we differ, as strictly as you can. They will stand the Test. They scorn Disguise. They disdain to sue for Quarter. TRUTH, like our First Parents in the State of Innocence, can shew herself, *naked*, without being either afraid, or ashamed: And *he that doth Truth, cometh to the Light, that his Deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God.*

May you, at last, begin to act from this Principle, and no longer prostitute your Time and Talents to the wiredrawing of Chicanery, and the Circulation of Error! I am not insensible of your Parts: But, alas! what is distinguish'd *Ability*, if not wedded to *Integrity*? No less just, than ingenious, is the Remark of a Learned and Noble Writer: "The Riches of the Mind, like those of Fortune, may be employ'd so perversely, as to become a Nuisance and Pest, instead of an Ornament and Support, to Society." *

I am

Yours, &c.

Westminster,
March 26, 1770.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY.

* *Dialogues of the Dead.* P. 297. Edit. 1765.

A

W O R D

To the Reverend Mr. *Walter Sellon*, lately
 TRANSPLANTED, from the Neighbor-
 hood of *Ashby de la Zouch*, to some Part
 of *Yorkshire*.

O WING to your Transplantation, above-men-
 tioned, I am ignorant of your present Place of
 Abode; and must, therefore, direct to you at large.—
 I have obtained a Sight of your late Strictures on Mr.
ELISHA COLES, just Time enough to save the Prefs.—
 These Strictures are, it seems, the joint-Progeny of Mr.
Wesley and Yourself: a *Par nobile Fratrum*, whose united
 Labors have been exerted, for several Years last past, in
 scraping together, and licking into Form, the Materials
 of this long-threaten'd Fulmination. Consequently,
 whoever may deem it worth his While to encounter the
 Cub; will have the additional Satisfaction of stringing
 the Two parental Brothers at one and the same Time.

For my own Part, I assure YOU, Sir, in particular,
 whose Name adorns the Direction of this Postscript,
 That I should have left you in peaceable Possession of
 your absolute Insignificancy, had not the last Page of
 your *Preface* induc'd me to co-incide with your apparent
 Wish, by lending you my Hand, to lift you from your
 painful Obscurity. How much *Credit* you may gain, by
 this my Act of Indulgence; and what *Figure* you may
 make, in the Course of the Exhibition; Time will, pro-
 bably,

bably, give you to feel.—At present, I have only Room to observe, That, in the aforefaid PREFACE (which the *Style* demonstrates to be all *your own*), you vibrate your Lilliputian Spear at *Me*; and give me to understand, that *I* am Next upon the List of Those, who are to feel the Weight of your broken Bulrush. I have publish'd, you tell me, a “*Curious Performance*” concerning PRE-DESTINATION: which said *curious Performance* has, I hereby find, rais'd the Bristles of a very *curious* Adversary; who is so polite, as to inform me, that I am a *Malmsbury Hobbist*, a *Blasphemer*, and a *vile Slanderer*. Convenient Names, which DULLNESS is never at a Loss for,

When Fancy flags and Sense is at a Stand.

So much for the Rhetorical *Flowers*, with which the *gentle* Prefacer crowns the Brow of his imaginary Victim. But the present *Chaplet* is, it seems, only the Sample of a whole *Garland* to come. I am to be made “*The Subject of another Piece*,” wherein I am to be drubbed, *ex professo*: that is to say, “*Unless it be done by some Abler Hand, which,*” adds my Hero, “*I could wish to see.*” The plain *English* of This, is: Mr. *John Wesley*'s Mastiff (who now only *snarls*) will actually *bark* at the mischievous Vicar of *Broad Hembury*, UNLESS Mr. *John* himself, the Mastiff's Owner, save his poor Cur the Trouble, by roaring in *propria Persona*.

I must, however, inform them both, to their no small Discomfort, That, let them roar ever so *loud*, and ever so *long*; and be it a *Solo*, or be it a *Duetto*; they will not rob the naughty Vicar of one Moment's Repose: though they may, perhaps, render it proper for him to repeat his Trespasses on the public Condescension.

A. T.

BROAD HEMBURY

Feb. 9, 1771.

E I N I S



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